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P O E M S.

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P O E M S ;

BY

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Trema parlando, e i detti
Fa tronchi ed imperfetti.

MARINA.

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1810.

TO

THE HON. WILLIAM HERBERT.

HERBERT! thy muse from ev'ry shore
Assiduous cull'd her tuneful store,
Soft spells from ev'ry cline she stole,
From bright Ausonia to the pole ;
There, from the palsied hand of time,
She snatch'd the shell of Runic rhyme ;
Pour'd the wild melody again,
Awoke the long-forgotten strain,
Swell'd the sweet notes through Odin's hall,
Whilst heroes started at the call !

Herbert! my simple wreath I twine
To honor, not to deck, thy shrine.

A simple wreath ! no blushing rose
'Mid April's drooping flow'rets glows,
No fragrance steals the ravish'd sense,
No charm is their's, but innocence.
Soon will they fade. The early flow'r
Falls the sad victim of an hour ;
Yet the warm sun's benignant beam
Pours lengthen'd life in ev'ry gleam.
Ah, deign thy cheering smiles to give,
And bid the timid blossoms live !

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

Bertram House, Feb. 20, 1810.

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SYBILLE.

A NORTHUMBRIAN TALE.

ARGUMENT.

The following Poem was written at the request of a near relation, who wished me to compose a Tale adapted to the picturesque and enchanting scenery of the ancient domains of our family, now in the possession of Bertram Mitford, Esq.

The Lord de Bertram, (one of the followers of William the Conqueror) married Sybille, the heiress of Sir Johannes de Mitford, and died, I believe, in the Holy Land. This is the only historical foundation for the story; but tradition is fertile in incident, and has assigned to the beautiful ruin of Mary's Chapel, a tale nearly similar to the one I have attempted to

ARGUMENT.

relate. It has too, within a very few years, been the scene of a most extraordinary occurrence. An unfortunate and guilty female, an inhabitant of Morpeth, resolved, when in the last stage of a consumption, to close her eyes within the sacred precincts of the Lady's chapel. She retired accordingly; and though every effort, that humanity could dictate, was made to remove her to a more comfortable habitation, she resisted, with wild and delirious strength, all attempts to tear her from the situation she had chosen. After lingering a few weeks she died, and was buried on the spot. I have alluded to this circumstance in the sixth stanza of the introductory verses.

SYBILLE.

A TALE.

FAIR Wansbeck, when thy limpid stream
Is deck'd with May's bright flowers,
And thy clear waters circling gleam,
Round Mitford's mossy towers.

How lovely is the blooming vale,
By woody mountains bound;
The spire high rises in the dale,
The village smiles around.

The modest mansion on the hill
Beams in the brightening ray;
Mitford's proud turrets crown the rill,
And all the vale is gay.

But dark is thy tempestuous flood,
When sad November lours;
And through old Bothall's gloomy wood
The foaming torrent pours.

Then e'en the oak's last lingering leaves
The slippery path-way spread;
The long brown grass the foot deceives,
And mocks the uncertain tread.

The Lady's chapel rises there,
Amid the darkening gloom ;
Its mouldering walls still brave the air ;
The maniac's lonely tomb !

No roof has crown'd those mouldering walls,
For many a wintry day;
An aged ash high o'er them falls,
With moss and lichens grey.

The dreaded spot the peasant flies,
For in the torrent's swell,
He hears fair Sybille's piercing cries,
Or the sad passing bell.

And in the raging of the storm,
When the blue lightnings glare,
He sees pale Sybille's shrouded form,
Swift flitting through the air.

SYBILLE.

Gay summer smil'd on Bothall bowers;
The setting sun's resplendent beam
Illum'd fair Mitford's mossy towers,
Tinging with gold the living stream.

High o'er the flood the castle steep
Rear'd its proud head in feudal state;
Wav'd the broad banner on the Keep;
Frown'd darkly grim the arched gate.

No pleasant sound of wassel gay
Rung round Lord Bertram's splendid board;
Dark frowning, like his turrets grey,
Sate at the feast the haughty lord.

With Norman William Bertram came;
De Mitford's lovely heir he saw;
The conqueror own'd his favorite's claim;
And William's word was England's law.

Vainly the suppliant fair-one knelt,
Vainly she spurn'd a foreign yoke;
The king nor love nor pity felt—
She wept, but yielded to the stroke.

Not long she wept. Two lingering years
Two lovely smiling babes had given,
Still faster flow'd the mother's tears,
Till her soul sought its native heaven.

Goodly and brave the youthful heir
To battle leads his father's power;
And gay, and innocent, and fair,
His Sybille blooms; a northern flower!

And now, the Baron leaves the hall ;
His chieftains pass the goblet round,
When from the castle's outer wall
Arose a harp's melodious sound.

Dark brows and rugged breasts had they ;
But, who the minstrel's power withstands ?
Who loves not well the rapturous lay,
Or pleasant tales from distant lands ?

Well pleas'd the stubborn warriors smil'd ;
The iron gates were backward flung :
And soon the harper's descant wild
Through Mitford's echoing turrets rung.

And high and haughty was the lay,
That sweetly flow'd in Provence tongue ;
Of tourneys, lords and ladies gay,
A wondrous tale the minstrel sung.

Boldly he struck the martial strain;
His manly voice was deep and clear;
And rapture fires the hardy train,
Again their native tongue to hear!

The polish'd accents as they fall,
(Long used to Saxon strains uncouth)
The fields of Normandy recall,
And renovate their lusty youth.

O then each well-remember'd cot,
Each blooming maid they lov'd so well,
Their earliest and their happiest lot!—
Again their steel-clad bosomis swell.

Sweet was the strain. Enchanting theme!
Of happy love the minstrel sung;
To the rapt poet's blissful dream
The magic chords responsive rung.

But soon they pause ; and sad and low,
 He touch'd a wildly plaintive air,
 In thrilling tones of deepest woe
 He told the hapless lover's care.

He ceas'd ; and plaudits loud were made,
 Grateful he rais'd his down-east eye,
 But scarce his modest thanks he paid
 Ere the half-utter'd accents die.

For that dark eye had careless glanc'd
 To the high throne of feudal state ;
 And hov'ring there, inspir'd, entranc'd,
 A lovely vision speechless sate.

O ne'er was form so witching fair !
 Sweetly through recent tears she smil'd,
 Loose and unbound her sunny hair
 Flow'd round her sylphid figure wild.

Soft was her eye of heav'nly blue;
Her cheek was like the opening rose,
Wet with the morning's pearly dew,
And pure her bosom's living snows.

In manly beauty's youthful glow
Was he, who touch'd the tuneful string,
Dark clustering o'er his polish'd brow,
Hung ringlets like the raven's wing.

Stately his form, and proud his mien;
High genius sparkled in his eye
Soft'ning from glances wild and keen,
To smiles of cherub infancy.

They saw, they lov'd—The harp still rung
To airs of love in Mitford tow'r.
Of war, of fame, no more he sung,
But high-born beauty's gentle pow'r.

Nor wealth, nor rank on Albert smil'd ;
He knew no father's fostering care,
A widow'd mother rear'd the child,
Deep in the wilds of Provence fair.

But far from his romantic home
He sought Italia's blissful strand,
For Albert long'd the world to roam,
To visit every distant land.

“ O he had wander'd far and wide
“ Through vales, where Arno's waters flow,
“ Seen the bright dames, Iberia's pride,
“ And Grecian nymphs with necks of snow ;

“ But not in Tempe's classic shade
“ Had he so sweet a valley seen;
“ Nor e'er beheld so fair a maid,
As she who tripp'd o'er Mitford green.”

The blushing girl, with accents mild
And gentle chidings, check'd his praise :
But still she listen'd, still she smil'd,
Whilst Albert pour'd his am'rous lays.

No hopes had they the Baron proud
Would e'er the minstrel's vows approve,
For noble youths to Sybille bow'd,
And sought the blue-eyed maiden's love.

Gay summer now was fading fast ;
The robin twitter'd from the wood,
And scatter'd by th' autumnal blast,
The yellow leaves sail'd down the flood.

Still the fond youth his passion prest,
A smile half lit her down-cast eye,
“ O ! if of Sybille's heart possest,
“ Albert can ev'ry care defy !

“ Far from the scenes of pride and wealth,

“ We'll seek some wood-embosom'd cot,

“ Content, and innocence, and health,

“ With happy love, shall crown our lot.

“ At morn these sinewy limbs I'll strain,

(“ How blest to labour, love, for thee!)

“ At ev'ning with the village train

“ We'll join in rustic revelry.

“ Haste then, my fair! a holy priest

“ E'en now at Mary's chapel waits;

“ Thy father leiters at the feast,

“ The weary warder leaves the gates.

“ My Sybille, come!” Her trembling feet

Can scarce her slender form support;

Hope, fear, and love, contending meet,

Scarce can she cross the echoing court.

“ My Sybille, come!” Prophetic fears
 The maiden’s gentle bosom move;
 Her azure eyes are dimm’d with tears,
 Tears soon dispell’d by mighty love!

No more she turns; to Mitford’s tow’rs
 No more her ling’ring footsteps stray;
 Lightly she trips through Bothall’s bow’rs,
 Ting’d by the parting beam of day.

There in the virgin’s chapel fair,
 By Wansbeck’s swiftly-flowing tide,
 The holy father blest the pair,
 And Albert clasp’d his blushing bride.

”Twas night, and darkness veil’d the wood,
 Save where the silver moon-beam shone,
 Danc’d upon Wansbeck’s rippling flood,
 Or kiss’d the chapel’s holy stone.

And nought the solemn stillness broke,
Save the clear water's rushing sound,
The night-breeze murmur'ring through the oak,
Or the dark bat quick flitting round.

But soon a thousand torches shine !
Wild shouts the sleeping echoes rouse !
And Sybille sinks by Mary's shrine,
Where late she pledg'd her stolen vows.

Soon, soon they pierce the holy walls !
The minstrel draws his trusty blade ;
“ Revenge !” the madden'd father calls,
And furious spurns the weeping maid.

They fight—the husband and the sire :
They fight—and desp'rate is the strife ;
Still fiercer glows their mutual ire,
Nor heeds the daughter and the wife.

Frantic she darts between the foes—
The Baron's sword is dipp'd in gore,
O'er her fair form the life-blood flows,
And Sybille falls—to rise no more!

Who is that chief on Judah's strand,
Who, reckless of the mortal wound,
Hews desp'rate mid the Paynim band,
Strewing with mangled heaps the ground?

And who is he, whose raven hair
Is tann'd by sun and wet with rain,
Who lies on Mary's pavement bare,
Bathing with tears the bloody stain?

That chief—may Heaven its mercy shew !
That wretched youth in woe unmov'd,—
That chief is he who gave the blow,
That youth is he whom Sybille lov'd.

ON
REVISITING THE SCHOOL,
WHERE I WAS EDUCATED.



ON REVISITING THE SCHOOL WHERE I WAS EDUCATED.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. ROWDEN, OF HANS PLACE.

DEAR scene of childhood's happy hour!
I feel thy softly-soothing pow'r;
Again I view thy well-known walls!
Again I tread thy classic halls!
Here scenes of simple pleasure rise
In sweet succession to my eyes;
And here does pensive mem'ry love
With many a fond regret to rove;
She loves in each remember'd place
Improvement, or delight, to trace;

For still instruction's genial pow'r
With learning wing'd the fleeting hour,
And yet, so mild her gentle sway,
That pleas'd the youthful band obey.

Within the dome with learning stor'd,
Our daily studies we explor'd;
Or when, th' allotted lesson done,
Had struck the wish'd-for hour of one,
From care, from woe, from envy free,
We sported here with frolic glee.

My fair companions! though no more
Ye bound across the well-known floor,
Though few of all the youthful train,
Within these peaceful walls remain,
Yet still can faithful mem'ry trace
The features of each blooming face!
To me their graceful forms appear!
Each gentle voice I seem to hear!

And fancy lends her vivid ray
To gild fair childhood's halcyon day!

Amidst the garden's peaceful shade,
Where oft with sportive glee we play'd,
While some, reclin'd in verdant bow'rs,
With tales amus'd the passing hours,
And some their fav'rite flow'rs attend,
I roam'd with my selected friend;
And, constant to the maid I lov'd,
With Zosia still I fondly rov'd.
Oh ! she was fair ! and wise ! and good !
And sprung from Poland's noblest blood !
To others, haughty she might be,
But kind and gentle still to me !
In yon deserted path we walk'd,
Of home and our dear parents talk'd,
Or glowing with some rural theme,
Together wove the fairy dream :

For even then could nature's charm
My young imagination warm,
And landscapes, mountainous and wild,
Had charm'd the visionary child.

For I had heard old ocean roar
And chafe 'gainst Dorset's rocky shore;
Had listen'd to the sea-bird's cries,
Had mark'd the gath'ring tempest rise,
And, fearless 'mid the deaf'ning jar,
Had watch'd the elemental war.

But chief in some sequester'd cot
I sigh'd to fix my tranquil lot;
Some straw-rooft cot, 'mid southern vales,
And fann'd by Devon's balmy gales;
The white-wash'd walls and lattice clean,
Scarce through the twining jasmine seen;
The little garden's simple bound
With rose and myrtle fence'd around;

A nameless, winding streamlet there,
 Midst shaggy copse-wood glist'ning fair;
 While shelt'ring trees behind it rise,
 And mountains tow'ring to the skies :
 In such a cot what bliss to dwell
 With those dear friends I lov'd so well !
 And still is childhood's happy dream
 Of youth's romantic wish, the theme;
 No cot to me so fair appears,
 As that my glowing fancy rears,
 And, e'en 'mid Berkshire's woody vales,
 I sigh for Devon's balmy gales.

With lofty tales of feudal power
 Would Zosia charm the ling'ring hour,
 Describe her father's princely dome,
 The splendors of her native home ;
 The slaves, that follow'd where she trod,
 And swift obey'd her slightest nod ;

Yet, had she learnt on this blest shore
To wish that slav'ry liv'd no more,
For many a tale of negro woe
Had bid her gen'rous bosom glow,
Pitying, she sigh'd at their distress,
And languish'd for the pow'r to bless.
Perchance it might be her's to save,
From equal grief, some Polish slave!
To life, to liberty restore !
And bid his bosom bleed no more !—
Alas, my dear-lov'd friend, 'tis thine
In hopeless, helpless woe, to pine !
'Tis thine in youth!s enchanting hour,
And grac'd with beauty's witching pow'r,
Of ev'ry kindred friend bereav'd,
In ev'ry cherish'd hope deceiv'd,
To learn in that lov'd land to mourn,
An orphan, friendless, and forlorn !—
But still, my Zosia, youth and health
Are thine, and mines of mental wealth ;

Again may prosp'rous Fortune pour
 Fresh blessings from her golden store,
 Some kindred spirit bid arise
 Thy yet unwaken'd sympathies,
 Till Poland's dreary deserts prove
 A paradise illum'd by love !

But where is she, the only fair
 Whose charms with Zosia's could compare,
 The sweet Eliza? polish'd grace
 Deck'd her fair form and lovely face ;
 Whilst the pure influence of her soul
 Shed soften'd radiance o'er the whole :
 Breath'd in her voice, when Handel's strain
 Seraphic, thrill'd through every vein,
 Gave added force to Boileau's sense,
 Or glow'd in Milton's eloquence.
 Her's was high honor; spotless truth!
 Her's the gay laughing charms of youth!—

O where is now that lovely form ?
Where that pure heart in feeling warm ?
Where the sweet smiles that nature gave ?
They rest in dear Eliza's grave.
In youth's fair spring, in beauty's pride,
In virtue's early prime—she died.

Yet still the echoing chambers ring
To fair Victoria's magic string :
Sweet tuneful maid ! at her controul
Alternate passions fire the soul !
As o'er her harp with bending grace
The strings her flying fingers trace,
Now lightly rings the sprightly measure
To gayest airs of joy and pleasure :
And now, with high and haughty sound,
The mimic notes of war rebound :
Sudden they pause, and soft and slow,
In murmur'ring cadence, sad and low,

Some sweetly plaintive melody
At distance seems to fall and die.
With mute delight we hover near
The strains, which still we seem to hear!
To move, to breathe we scarcely dare,
So soft, so sad, so sweet the air!
Nor yet alone by music's art
Can fair Victoria charm the heart!
Whether she join in converse gay,
With arch and playful naïveté;
Or, whether on her pitying breast
She lull a brother's cares to rest;
Still ever lovely, ever dear,
Of temper soft, and heart sincere,
Her varying charms the soul inspire,
And all the beauteous maid admire.

There grace and symmetry combine,
To mock the sculptor's skill divine,

And round the young Olivia glows
A brighter charm, than beauty knows.
Who can like her with sylphid grace
The “poetry of motion” trace?
In airy bound, or slow advance,
Thread the soft mazes of the dance?
In easy elegance recline,
Or in light sportive movement twine?
Whilst modesty’s celestial veil
Improves the charms it would conceal;
And in that mild and polish’d mien,
Shines spotless innocence serene.
Yet those blue eyes and looks demure,
That speak a heart both cold and pure,
Are oft by radiant fancy lit,
And sparkle with ethereal wit;
Till scarce the gentle girl we know
Who hides, like Etna crown’d with snow,
The fires that in her bosom glow.

There too presides the gentle fair,
Who made me her peculiar care,
To me by ev'ry tie endear'd !
And still admir'd, belov'd, rever'd!
Skill'd in the rare and happy art
To win the timid, youthful heart ;
By manners grac'd with courtly ease,
By playful wit, secure to please.
But who shall tell her mind's rich store,
Imbued with many-languag'd lore ?
Who shall the thousand virtues tell,
That in her gentle bosom dwell ?
Oh ! could I catch from you, bright dame !
One spark of your immortal flame,
My verse should pay the tribute due
To friendship, gratitude, and you !
"Twas yours, with polish'd art, to twine
A lovely wreath for Flora's shrine,
To fairest flow'rs fresh beauties give,
Which in your glowing strains shall live,

And bid each opening bud impart
Some lesson, to the female heart.
And now, with nobler visions fir'd,
By friendship's holy zeal inspir'd,
At her pure altars, lo! you bend,
To her poetic vows ascend,
For her you tune the warbling string,
Her triumphs and her joys to sing ;
And emulate the classic fame
Of Rogers' and of Campbell's name.

Lov'd friend of childhood's early day,
Still deign to guide my devious way !
What, though I fondly strive in vain
Like you to frame the polish'd strain ;
Though no bright rays of genius fire,
But faintly breathes the trembling lyre,
Yet be your bright example mine !
And lead my steps to virtue's shrine !

TO

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

TO

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

Lov'd flow'ret, rear thy drooping head,

And wake thy beauty pale !

Thy lovely blossoms haste to spread,

And woo the fragrant gale !

Soon shall the ev'ning breezes blow,

Soon fall the ev'ning dews,

Then raise thy petals fainting low,

Thy modest charms diffuse.

Yon flaunting sun-flow'r, by thy side,
In starry radiance gay,
Spreads her rich breast in beauty's pride,
And courts the noon-tide ray.

Whilst, shrinking from the fervid glow,
Thy modest colors fly,
Each graceful flow'ret drooping low,
Thy silken blossoms die.

But fairer than proud Phœbus' flow'r
In noon-tide beauty bright,
Art thou, in ev'ning's pensive hour,
By Cynthia's trembling light.

When faintly gleams the western star,
And ev'ning's gentle breeze,
Like sweetest music heard from far,
Sighs softly through the trees.

Then lovely in the silver beam
Thy flow'rets, glist'ning fair
With pearly dew-drops, brightly gleam
Resplendent through the air!

WRITTEN IN A FAVORITE BOWER,
PREVIOUS TO LEAVING HOME,

MAY 14, 1809.

WRITTEN IN A FAVORITE BOWER,

PREVIOUS TO LEAVING HOME,

MAY 14, 1809.

FAREWEL! my own romantic bow'r,
Sweet shelter in the noon-tide hour!
Scarce yet thy willow buds unfold
Their silver leaves on stems of gold;
Scarce yet the woodbine's clasping arms
Twine round the elm her modest charms;
Scarce yet, in richest robe array'd,
The oaks display their summer shade;

But thy fair bank, in beauty gay,
Can boast the blooming tints of May;
Pure, limpid, sparkling, is the flood
That murmurs through thy tangl'd wood;
And fragrant is the balmy gale,
That gently whispers through the vale.

Oh! pleasant is thy turf'y seat,
Sweet is thy shade, my lov'd retreat !
Bright pansies deck th' enamell'd ground,
Cowslips and harebels wave around ;
The dandelion, brilliant weed !
Spreads its gay blossoms o'er the mead,
Like stars, that in December's gloom
A countless host, the sky illume.
In superstition's dreary hour
Vast is thy sway, thou star-like flow'r !
Thy light and feather'd orb reveals
The husband, cruel fate conceals,

As wafted by the maiden's sigh,
The buoyant seeds wide-scatt'ring fly.
But oft, alas ! the village maid
Seeks the dark gipsy's fatal aid,
Down by the wood's romantic side
She glides unseen at ev'ning tide,
With trembling awe her fate she hears,
Quick rising hopes, and bashful fears ;
Wak'd by the sybil's wily art,
What transports swell that simple heart !
She tells of gentle lovers true,
With nut-brown hair, and eyes of blue,
" 'Tis he ! 'tis William !" Lucy cries,
And light as air to meet him flies,
Too fond, too happy, to be wise !

How slowly wells the limpid flood !
How calm, how still the solitude !
No sound comes wafted on the gale,
Save the sweet warblings of the vale ;

No curling smoke waves on the breeze,
Hemm'd closely in by circling trees,
Save, where o'er yonder rustic gate
The tall oaks twine in gothic state,
And through the arch in lustre gay,
The landscape spreads its bright array.
The woodland wild—the cultur'd plain,
Its lowing herds, and fleecy train—
The cottage by the green wood side,
With blooming orchard spreading wide,—
The village school—the farm—the green—
The ivied tower, at distance seen,—
And the soft hills that swelling rise,
Mingling their grey tops with the skies,
Illumin'd by the western beams
How fair this living picture gleams!

Lov'd seat, farewell! yet soon I come,
I leave not long my happy home:

When thy sweet woodbine's charms unclose;
When blushes tinge thy modest rose;
When thy pure lily on the tide
Rears her fair flow'rs, in beauty's pride;
When, where the whiten'd blossoms spread,
The scarlet berry hides its head;
Then will I seek my shelter'd bow'r,
And while away the noon-tide hour,
Remote from folly, noise, and strife,
Gaze from my calm retreat, on life;
List to the music of the glade;
Watch the swift flitting shadows fade;
With the lov'd muse of friendship stray,
Or weep o'er Campbell's melting lay.

TO

THE GLOW-WORM.

HAIL! insect of the em'rald ray!
Fair boast of summer's ev'ning hour!
Whose beams with trembling lustre play,
And gild thy little verdant bow'r!

I love to seek thee on the hill,
When sweetly falls the ev'ning dew,
To listen to the trickling rill,
And mark the twilight's soften'd hue.

I love to view the deep'ning shades,
The waving spots of varying light,
The cottage, rising 'mid the glades,
With little casements glist'ning bright.

Whilst hanging o'er the limpid stream,
Whose waters faintly murmur'ring glide,
A brilliant star thou seem'st to gleam,
Reflected on the silver tide.

The village-maid by thy pale rays
To meet her plighted lover roves,
Weaves visions gay of future days,
And, sweetly blushing, owns she loves.

And round thee oft, as poets sing,
Fair elfin beings circling tread,
Trip gaily o'er the fairy ring,
And balmy odors round thee spread.

Oh! may no daring hand intrude
To pluck thee from thy green retreat!
No wand'ring rustic's footstep rude
E'er crush thee in thy tranquil seat!

Though forked lightning round thee play,
Though brilliant meteors wildly glare,
Still may thy pale and modest ray
Shed em'rald lustre through the air !

—
LINES,

SUGGESTED BY THE UNCERTAIN FATE OF MUNGO PARK,
THE CELEBRATED AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

Oh! when at length through Afric's dreary wild,
Defying death and danger, Park had toil'd,
How proud the day! how blest the vent'rous man,
That saw accomplish'd all his mighty plan!
Saw Niger roll to meet the morning beam,
And Sego's tow'rs reflected in the stream!
Delighted of the mystic wave he drank,
Hail'd the bright flood, and dropt upon the bank;

And on that spot, then first by Christian trod,
Pour'd forth thanksgiving to the living God.
Proud was that day! But lengthen'd labors rose;
By sickness weaken'd, and begirt with foes,
Reluctantly he turn'd; and pass'd again
The dreary wilderness, the fiery plain;
Through barb'rous tribes and warring nations tost,
Till health and strength, and all but hope, was lost,
When negro friendship bore him to the strand,
And science hail'd him to his native land.

'Then was his hour of bliss ! success had crown'd
The daring youth, and spread his fame around ;
And pity's sigh, and admiration's smile
Flush'd his pale cheek, and sweeten'd every toil.
Then high-born beauty join'd th' applauding throng,
And added grace to nature's sweetest song,
Whilst in the " white man's woe, the negro's care,"
The gentler sex a double triumph share.

Oh! when secure in Albion's happy land,
He trac'd his dangers with recording hand,
He little thought, when Houghton's shorten'd date
Drew pitying tears, how similar *his* fate !
How soon those blood-stain'd shores should seal his doom,
Or slav'ry close him in a living tomb !

Again he went ! with hope and ardor fir'd,
With mild philanthropy's warm zeal inspir'd ;
Again he went ! untrodden worlds to scan,
To meliorate the lot of savage man !
To ope the track for England's peaceful train,
That wafts her commerce o'er the azure main,
To bid fair science bless the sultry shore,
And art diffusive spread her golden store ;
Bid pure Religion 'mid the trackless wild,
Rear her high fame, and pour her precepts mild,
Converted nations own the sacred tie !
And Afric hail the day-spring from on high !

For this the wand'rer went. And how he fell
Another Park, in future years, may tell.
But fall howe'er he might, whether he died
Swept by the fierce Tornado's furious tide;
Or, whether in the desert met his fate,
With famish'd eye, alone and desolate;
Or, still more wretched, destin'd to endure
The ling'ring tortures of the barb'rous Moor;
Howe'er he fell, yet glorious was his end,
Of truth, of nature, and of man the friend !
But long shall Science mourn her vent'rous son
Untimely lost; her arduous task undone.
Long o'er his fate Philanthropy shall sigh ;
And Faith and Virtue waft him to the sky !

VERSES,

SENT WITH SOME PRIMROSES TO A YOUNG LADY, WHO HAD
PROMISED US A VISIT EARLY IN THE SPRING.

FEB. 7, 1803.

In learned Berkeley's fabled theme—
Philosophy's poetic dream !
Where—to our world, alas ! unknown—
He fix'd perfection's airy throne ;
In that bright theme, unshaken truth
Beam'd in each Mezoranian youth ;
Nor fickle swain, nor changeful fair,
Nor broken vows were heard of there ;

But Flora's characters exprest
The wishes of each blameless breast,
And saved a world of lover's sighs,
Of blushes bright, and down-cast eyes.
First the pure bud, whose soft leaves swell
Enclos'd within their mossy cell,
Of infant love the fair one tell:
And next appears the half-blown rose,
Whose radiance like her beauty glows,
And still encreasing passion shows:
Till in the full-expanded flow'r,
Triumphant love proclaims his pow'r.

If then gay Flora's fragrant race
Can changeful love's gradations trace,—
Love! ever varying, ebbing, flowing,
Sinking in woe, with rapture glowing,—
Calm friendship surely may employ
These tokens sweet of grief or joy.

But not the blushing rose I send,
As my glad pledge to thee, my friend !
For thorns that brilliant rose surround,
And, like the god, his emblems wound.
I send those blossoms fair and pure,
That winter's stormy gales endure ;
Those blossoms, firstlings of the year,
To sportive childhood ever dear.
Oh ! still how fresh to mem'ry's eyes,
Those hours of childish bliss arise,
When in the deep and tangled dell,
I pluck'd the flow'rs I lov'd so well ;
Or, on the primrose bank reclin'd,
Gay bouquets form'd, or garlands twin'd,
Deck'd hat and frock in flow'ry state,
And totter'd with the fragrant weight.
And still, no infant better loves
To view the primrose-spangled groves,
When, first of spring's enchanting train,
They bloom beside the verdant plain.

But doubly dear these timid flow'rs,
Sweet harbingers of happy hours!
Like drooping worth by Fortune scorn'd,
Late in the wintry blast they mourn'd,
Soon shall they bloom beneath thine eye!
Soon on thy snowy bosom die!

But ere ye die, lov'd flow'rets! say,
“ Haste! lovely Mary, haste away!
“ At kindred friendship's call, arise!
“ Seek southern bow'rs, and milder skies!
“ Go, heighten spring's enraptur'd pleasures!
“ Go, shed around thy heart's rich treasures!
“ Fond tears as bright as morning dews,
“ Sweet sunny smiles, around diffuse!
“ Go! dearer than the rose of May,
“ To southern bow'rs, fair maid, away!

TO

THE HON. MISS MURRAY,

WITH MISS ROWDEN'S " POETICAL INTRODUCTION TO
BOTANY."



CHARLOTTE! to thee, the fading gems of spring,
Immortaliz'd in Rowden's verse, I bring.
Fair as thyself, in her sweet strains appear
The varied beauties of the vernal year;
The Muse of Nature cull'd the flow'ry band,
Botanic Science touch'd them with her wand,
The hand of Modesty the garland twin'd,
And Wisdom fram'd it for the female mind,

And chose each lovely bud, and fragrant flow'r,
The emblems true of youth's enraptur'd hour.

The brilliant rainbow-tints, the softer bloom,
The graceful form, the exquisite perfume,
Faded by heat, or scatter'd by the wind,
All pass away, nor "leave a wreck behind."
Yon Cistus, mark, fairest of Flora's train,
Of velvet robe, and splendid colors vain,
Whose wide-spread blossoms proudly-flaunting gleam,
Woo the bright ray, and wanton in the beam,
To-morrow's sun shall view them strew'd around,
Borne on the breeze, or with'ring on the ground :
Successive flow'rs the parent shrub illume,
And each succession finds a daily tomb.

Alike in charms, but diff'rent far in fate,
May thy bright roses mourn no transient date !

Still may they bloom through many a golden year,
Unblanch'd by woe, " unsullied by a tear !"
Fortune for thee with Nature's bounties blend !
And purest bliss thy flow'ry paths attend !

THE NIGHT OF MAY.

To Miss W——

FAIR is the blooming morn of June,
And fair October's brilliant moon,
And fair is July's sultry eve,
When show'rs the fainting earth relieve;
But fairer far thy night, sweet May,
Illum'd by Cynthia's silver ray,
When, wand'ring through the shelter'd vale,
We fondly court the fragrant gale.

Fair was the scene : The clust'ring trees
Wav'd slowly in the gentle breeze,

The rustic bridge—the winding stream,
Where faintly play'd the trembling beam—
And, dimly seen, the quiet farm—
Increas'd the ev'ning's pensive charm;
No sounds of day, with clamor rude,
Disturb'd the peaceful solitude ;
Mute was all Nature's warbling train,
Save Philomel's enchanting strain.
Sweet bird! thy notes responsive find
A chord in each poetic mind;
And poets still, in rapt'rous lay,
To thee their grateful tribute pay;
Of thee each hallow'd lyre has rung,
By Shakspeare and by Milton sung!

And, fair companion of my way !
You felt the breathing charm of May,
The lovely scene your mind inspir'd,
And bright imagination fir'd.

Now gay, now sad, our various theme
 Was changeful, as life's morning dream ;
 Now, gravely conn'd th' historic page,
 Which charms us still from age to age,
 Now, glancing o'er the tuneful throng,
 Explor'd the glitt'ring mines of song ;
 And, varying still in fitful change,
 From books to real life, we range ;
 With noble deeds our fancy warm,
 Or dwell on Nature's milder charms ;
 Now tell some childish frolic gay,
 Now pause to view thy beauties, May !

Say, when you tread the fertile vales,
 Or climb the tow'ring hills of Wales,
 Say, dearest Catherine ! will you deign
 To think of Berkshire's modest plain ?
 Yes ; well I know, whate'er your lot,
 You'll think of Whitley's lovely cot ;

And still will fancy's vivid ray
Frequent the well-known group pourtray :
Its hospitable master there
Shall Andrews' sportive gambols share ;
And view, with still encreasing joy,
The frolics of his blooming boy.
The graceful mother, young and fair,
Bends, smiling, o'er her latest care ;
She, whose soft charms my verse inspire !
She, whom to know is to admire !
She, who to temper ever gay,
And feelings keen, and fancy's play,
Adds judgment true, and taste refin'd,
With ev'ry grace that decks the mind ;
Alike in ev'ry scene of life,
The daughter, mother, and the wife !

Say—when for friends like these rever'd,
By kindred's sacred ties endear'd,

You feel affection's purest glow—
Will you a passing thought bestow
On her, who in the Night of May,
Delighted shar'd your converse gay?
And, vary as it may with me,
This shifting scene of woe and glee;
Whether, as now, of health possest,
With ev'ry social comfort blest;
Or, doon'd the general lot to share,
The prey of sickness or of care—
Still, when the wanton Zephyrs play,
And frolic in the sweets of May,
The dews of ev'ning, as they fall,
Our pleasant rambles will recall.

May fate for thee bright garlands twine,
And health, and peace, fair maid, be thine !

TO MY FATHER,

ON HIS RETURN FROM BOCKING.

MAY 29, 1808.

FROM those sad scenes, where hopeless woe
No transient gleam of comfort cheers ;
Where, still in silent sorrow flow
The widow's and the orphans' tears ;

From those sad scenes, where ev'ry thought
Recalls the friend you lov'd so well,
And struggling sighs, with anguish fraught,
Your pitying bosom frequent swell ;

From those sad scenes at length you turn,
And, pensive, seek your tranquil dome :
Then cease, my Father ! cease to mourn,
And cheer again your pleasant home !

To greet you summer smiles around,
The groves, the fields, the plains are gay;
Fair is each blossom on the ground,
Bright gleams the oak's majestic spray!

For you each flow'ret, that you love,
And each fair shrub, luxuriant blooms,
The gay Laburnum decks the grove,
The woodbine the soft breeze perfumes.

For you the lark's gay carols swell,
And notes of welcome grace his lay—
What notes shall Mary's pleasure tell?
What words her heart's fond welcome say?

To welcome you in vain she tries,
And vainly strives to speak her bliss—
Then read her pleasure in her eyes!
And take her welcome in a kiss!

SONNET,

ON BEING REQUESTED TO WRITE ON SCOTTISH SCENERY.

FAIR art thou, Scotia ! The swift mountain stream
Gushes, with deaf'ning roar and whit'ning spray,
From thy brown hills; where eagles seek their prey,
Or soar, undazzled, in the solar beam.

But, dearer far to me, be thou my theme,
My native Hampshire ! Thy sweet vallies gay,
Trees, spires, and cots, that in the brilliant ray
Confus'dly glitter, like a morning dream.

And thou, fair forest! lovely are thy shades,
Thy oaks majestic, o'er the billows pale
High spreading their green arms : Or the deep glades,
Where the dark holly, arm'd in prickly mail,
Shelters the yellow fern, and tufted blades,
That wave responsive to the sighing gale.

TO
MY BELOVED MOTHER,
ON HER BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 15, 1808.

THE rosy blush of blooming morn
Illumes the jasmine's fragrant bow'r,
Its brilliant tints the grove adorn,
And deck each dew-bespangled flow'r.

June's balmy fragrance scents the gale,
The meads in rich luxuriance shine ;
The wild-rose gleams, in beauty pale,
And woodbines 'mid the hedge-rows twine.

The linnet, from yon hawthorn shade,
Pours his mild notes so gay and light ;
And, springing from the bending blade,
The sky-lark sings at dizzy height.

All nature hails the happy day,
 That smil'd on my lov'd mother's birth,—
 And shall not Mary's simple lay
 Attempt to tell her matchless worth?

Oh! no, still Mary strives in vain
 Her mind's rich treasures to display ;
 Where taste and modest science reign,
 And intellect's soul-piercing ray.

No; not to Mary's lay 'tis giv'n,
 To paint that heart, so good, so pure!
 That faith, that looks from earth to Heav'n,
 And knows its blest reward secure.

Oh! long and happy may she live,
 In peace and virtue beaming mild!
 Long, long a bright example give!
 And bless her husband, and her child!

ON

MARIA'S WINNING THE CUP,

AT THE ILSLEY COURSING MEETING, NOVEMBER 9, 1808.

INSCRIBED TO W. COBBETT, ESQ.

O H! for thy flow'rets, May, to deck
With brilliant wreaths Maria's neck!
The blushing rose, the jasmine fair,
The hearts-ease gay, should mingle there;
But chill November's dreary day
Has chas'd each blooming flow'r away;
The sad Arbutus, drooping pale,
And bending to the wintry gale,

Or Laurustinus, modest flow'r !
Alone survive the cheerless hour.
Then round her neck of jetty hue
Entwine the band of heav'nly blue,
Color of triumph ! to proclaim
Maria's deeds ! Maria's fame !

And ne'er, Maria ! greyhound true,
Like thee, o'er hill and valley flew !
And ne'er like thine, on IIsley's plain,
Could dauntless spirit vanquish pain !
Fresh and unhurt thy rivals stood,
Thy wounded feet all bath'd in blood ;
But, when the destin'd prey was found,
Those little feet scarce feit the ground,
Chas'd the poor victim like the wind,
And left each far-fam'd dog behind ;
In vain the fated quarry flies,
Her death decides the envied prize.

Loud the assembled crowd proclaim
My own Maria's well-earn'd fame !
And round her neck of raven hue
Entwine the band of victor blue !

P R O L O G U E;

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BEFORE THE FIRST PART
OF HENRY THE FOURTH, ACTED BY THE GENTLEMEN
OF THE READING SCHOOL MEETING,
OCTOBER 23, 1809.

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. DR. VALPY.

TWAS here of late, triumphant and alone,
The tragic Muse uprear'd her double throne :
Whilst sad Admetus mourn'd domestic woe,
Or public wrongs bade English sorrow flow ;
To the same chord the heart responsive rung,
In native accents, or in Grecia's tongue ;
Still flow'd the tear, the pitying bosom bled,
For injur'd England, or Alcestis dead.

To-night a high, yet mirthful, theme we chuse,
And join Thalia to the buskin'd Muse ;
As Nature bade, immortal Shakespeare drew,
With varying shades, life's many-tinctur'd hue ;
"Twas his alone, resistless, to controul
Each jarring passion of the human soul ;
Bright wit, and melting pathos, to combine
In the gay sportive jest, and lofty line;
Where pity claims the tear, and mirth the smile,
At once for Hotspur's death, and Falstaff's wile.
As the light show'rs, that dew the rose of May,
Resplendent glitter in the sunny ray,
So hangs the tear on beauty's blushing cheek,
Whilst dimpled smiles in radiant lustre break.

Now turn we then to Albion's elder days,—
Theme of our pride, our envy, and our praise !
When Percy led his gallant legions forth,
Proud to obey the Hotspur of the North,

Percy, whose valiant deeds, whose deathless fame,
 Shed a bright beam on fell rebellion's name,
 Till Harry Monmouth, in the glorious strife,
 Despoil'd the hero's laurels with his life ;
 And gave the promise of that god-like day,
 When haughty Gallia bow'd to England's sway.

What varied scenes this well-known spot recalls !
 What joyous mirth has echoed round its walls,
 In those fair hours, when childhood, blithe and gay,
 Cast o'er the world his visionary ray ;
 When rosy health, exulting, spurn'd the ground,
 And hope, and life, and nature smil'd around !
 Then he, who pleasure can with learning blend,
 And in each pupil knows to fix a friend,
 First taught, with manly voice and prouder mien,
 To tread, with measur'd step, the tragic scene ;
 How oft with hope elate our bosoms swell'd !
 How oft pale fear the rising transports quell'd !

Some mingled years of woe and bliss have flown,
Since last we call'd these anxious hopes our own;
Now thrown on active life's tumultuous stage,
New fears, new cares, our busy thoughts engage;
But still our hearts, to early feelings true,
Cling to the cherish'd wish of pleasing you,
To your indulgence we commend our cause,
And hope, yet dare not ask, your kind applause!

TO

A YELLOW BUTTERFLY.

APRIL 8, 1808.

HAIL! loveliest insect of the spring!
Sweet buoyant child of Phœbus, hail!
High soaring on thy downy wing,
Or sporting in the sunny vale!

Oh! lovely is thy airy form,
That wears the primrose hue so fair,
It seems as if some passing storm
Had rais'd the beauteous flow'r in air.

Far diff'rent from the spotted race,
 That sultry June's bright suns unfold ;
 That seek in her fair flow'rs their place,
 And proud display their wings of gold.

For brilliant is their varying dye,
 And, basking in the fervid ray,
 They in the new-blown roses lie,
 Or round the gay carnation play.

But thou, with April's modest flow'r,
 Her violet sweet of snowy hue,
 Tranquil shalt pass the noon-tide hour,
 And sip content the ev'ning dew.

Oh ! may no frosts thy beauties chill !
 No storms thy little frame destroy !
 But, sporting gay beside the rill,
 May'st thou thy transient life enjoy !

WINTER SCENERY.

JANUARY, 1809.

THE dark sky lours: a crimson streak
In vain the heavy clouds would break;
The lowing herds desert the plain,
Scatter'd is all the fleecy train;
The feather'd songsters all are gone,
The dear domestic bird alone,
The cheerful robin, seeks his food,
And breaks the death-like solitude:
For, save his notes, no earthly sound
Through the chill air, is heard around;

E'en she, whose playful fondness still
Atteuds my steps on dale or hill,
She, who still wears the victor blue,
Maria of the raven hue!

No longer seeks with frolic glee,
Where'er I roam, to follow me,
But shrinks within her shelter warm,
And hides in straw her graceful form.

Yet lovelier is the magic scene,
Than blooming summer's brightest green:
The icicles in crystal row
Suspended from the pent-house low,
O'er the luxuriant ivy fall,
Or glitter on the moss-grown wall;
The level lawn, in dazzling light,
Array'd in pure unsullied white,
Scarce marks, with undulating bend,
With its smooth edge, where waters blend.

Crown'd is each grove with vestal snow,
Whilst varied colors gleam below;
The holly's deeply burnish'd green,
With coral berries faintly seen,
The oak's rich leaves of saffron hue,
The tow'ring fir's dark misty blue,
Closer their mingling branches twine,
And through their brilliant burthen shine.

See on the pine the snow arise,
A tap'ring cone, it seeks the skies !
Or wreathes the rugged elm around !
Or bends the light broom to the ground !
Or, in ethereal lustre gay,
Clothes the pale aspen's flexible spray !

And, still to fancy's eye more dear,
What strange fantastic forms appear !

High arches rise, abrupt and bright,
And gothic fret-work silv'ry light;
There frown dark pillars, slim and tall,
And there the mould'ring turrets fall !
But, emblem true of human joys,
Rais'd in an hour, an hour destroys;
Already has the brilliant ray
Melted the fairy scene away;
No fleecy whiteness decks the ground,
No glitt'ring frost work gleams around;
All, all are gone. The swollen flood
Spreads its stain'd waters to the wood;
Each tree, with snowy crest so fair,
That rose with gay fantastic air,
Now waves its dark boughs, rough and bare;
And o'er the hills, the groves, the plains,
The dæmon Desolation reigns !

TO CHEERFULNESS.

HAIL! Goddess of the sparkling eye!
With rosy cheek and dimpled smile!
Offspring of health and industry,
Whose pow'r can ev'ry care beguile!

Alike to thee, where Hecla's snows
For ever crown the rugged steep;
Where vegetation never glows,
And scarcee the sullen lichens creep;

Or, blest Italia's fertile vales,
Where Arno winds his classic stream,
Where softly blow th' unchanging gales,
Where mildly glows the sun's bright beam.

Not happier is the Tuscan swain,
When, in still ev'ning's gentle shade,
He gaily trips along the plain,
And fondly wooes his lovely maid ;

Not happier he, 'mid fairy bow'rs,
With the soft moon-beams silver'd pale ;
Than where, when polar darkness lours,
When loudly howls the wintry gale,

The Iceland peasant, by the blaze
That quivers on his moss-grown cell,
Tells the wild tale of other days,
And feels his heart to rapture swell.

For, vain are nature's countless charms
To summon bliss, or banish woe,
Unless, bright nymph ! thy spirit warms,
Or thy inspiring graces glow.

O goddess of the brilliant eye,
 Grant me thy soul-enchanting pow'r !
 Teach me each pensive scene to fly !
 And wing with joy youth's fleeting hour !

No more I'll waste the listless day
 In dreams with sickly fancy fraught,
 To languid indolence a prey,
 Or vain regret, or pensive thought ;

No more o'er tales of fancied woe
 I'll weep in sympathetic pain ;
 No more the ready tear shall flow
 At music's sweetly plaintive strain ;

No more, beneath the moon's pale beam,
 I'll roam at ev'ning's lonely hour,
 List to the screech-owl's shrilly scream,
 Quick darting from her ivied bow'r ;

Nor hanging o'er the streamlet's side,
Where waves yon asper's foliage light;
Mark the bat flit across the tide,
Or circling wheel her eddying flight.

But, with thy cheering influence blest,
The merry dance I'll quickly join,*
Mix in each gay fantastic jest,
Or seek Thalia's crowded shrine.

When laughing summer decks the plain,
I'll seek the hay-fields joyous throng,
Observe the merry rustic train,
And listen to their simple song.

And in the calm domestic hour
When closes dark November's day,
Then most I'll woo thy magic pow'r,
To chase each gloomy thought away.

Then, by the wood-fire's sparkling light,
We'll gaily tell some sportive tale,
Court laughing fancy's wildest flight,
Nor heed the storms that shake the vale.

Oh! grant me thy unclouded ray !
And far from pow'r, and fame, and wealth,
Thrice blest I'll press life's varying day,
With thee, bright maid ! and rosy health !

TO

G. L. WARDLE, Esq.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS CHILD.

To chase Corruption from Britannia's strand,
To call back Freedom to her native land,
The Patriot rose. In vain the Sons of Place
With sarcasm stung, or threaten'd with disgrace,
Firm in his cause he brav'd the hand of pow'r,
And laugh'd to scorn the tyrants of an hour.
Unknown to fame—to faction unallied—
FOLKESTONE and truth his only aid supplied;

A people's hopes, a people's blessings rose,
 And murmur'd vengeance on their haughty foes;
 Soon foul corruption cow'ring fled the field,
 And truth triumphant wav'd her spotless shield.
 Still England rings with WARDLE's honor'd name!
 Still Scotland's hills re-echo to his fame !

But vain are human hopes and human joys,
 Some bitter drop the honied cup alloys.—
 Belov'd ! rever'd ! though thousand voices raise
 The shout of triumph, or the song of praise,
 He hears them not.—The father's anguish'd tear
 Bedews his darling boy's untimely bier:
 Speechless he views the Infant's pallid face,
 And mourns each blighted charm, each vanish'd grace.
 Yet weep no more ! Thy cherub child shall rise,
 By angels wafted to his native skies,
 Sav'd from the storms of this tempestuous life.
 From all its woes, its errors, and its strife ;

Pure and unsullied as the morning ray,
He seeks the realms of everlasting day.
And, Oh! if that be true which poets sing,
The guardian hovers on the cherub's wing,
Perchance e'en now he looks exulting down,
And hears with holy joy his sire's renown.

Then hush'd, illustrious mourner, be thy grief!
Seek in thy glorious course thy best relief!
By patriot deeds exalt thy deathless name,
And add fresh blossoms to thy wreath of fame!

TO THE

MEMORY OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

WHO has not felt exulting rapture's glow
For England's triumph o'er her haughty foe ?
Who has not wept for England's gallant train,
The slaughter'd victims of degenerate Spain ?
Of ev'ry aid, of hope itself bereft,
Their firmness and their valor only left,
Let you ensanguin'd plain their triumph tell ;
Too dearly purchas'd—for their leader fell !

In victory's arms thus Abercrombie died !
 Thus Nelson bled, our sorrow and our pride ;
 Still Britain mourns stern fate's relentless doom,
 And 'twines the hero's laurels round his tomb.

Lamented chieftain ! thy well-skill'd command
 From sure destruction sav'd thy faithful band ;
 'Twas thine with them each painful toil to share,
 'Twas thine alone the mental pangs to bear,
 When warring elements against thee rose,
 Before thee treach'rous friends—behind thee foes.
 And when at length Corunna's tow'rs appear'd,
 And English vessels their proud ensigns rear'd,
 'Twas thine to see thy bold pursuers fly—
 Nobly to conquer—undismay'd to die.
 Thy parting words to filial duty giv'n ;
 And thy last thought to England and to Heav'n.

No tawdry scutcheons hang around thy tomb,
 No venal mourners wave the sable plumie;

No statues rise to mark the sacred spot,
Nor pealing organ swells the solemn note.
A hurried grave thy soldiers' hands prepare,
Thy soldiers' hands the mournful burthen bear ;
The vaulted sky, to earth's extremest verge,
Thy canopy; the cannons' roar thy dirge.
Affection's sorrows dew thy lowly bier,
And weeping valor sanctifies the tear.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

At length to bless our tranquil dome,
At friendship's call, dear maid, you come ;
And, pleas'd, exchange the outline grand
Of mountainous Northumberland,
For scenes, though not unknown to fame,
Where all is spiritless and tame.
Though, through our valleys softly flowing,
His waves in the bright sun beams glowing,

The silver Thames in classic pride,
And Kennet's mingled waters glide
And meads in richest verdure green,
Hedge rows and straw-roof'd cots are seen,
And spires high tap'ring to the skies,
And graceful villas frequent rise.

Full smoothly flows the lay that tells,
Of smiling vales and gentle swells ;
But how can I, a lowland maid,
Rear'd in fair Berkshire's softest shade ;
Us'd to the slowly-weeping rill,
The forest rich, the fertile hill,
The balmy gale that gently blows,
Scarce ruffling the expanded rose :
How, my sweet mountain nymph, can I
Sing the dark grandeur, stern and high,
That frowns beneath your northern sky ?

Yet well I love that rocky strand,
That proudly fair Northumberland ;
For there, amid their mountains wild,
Your venerable parents smil'd ;
There, still to kindred friendship true,
My noble cousins first I knew ;
And with a sister's love was prest,
Sweet Mary ! to thy glowing breast ;
There, too, the last and dearest tie,
My father op'd his infant eye ;
Play'd on those hills, a sportive boy,
And found the day too short for joy.
And oft parental fondness told,
The treasur'd tales of days of old ;
Oft Tyne's fair banks his mem'ry drew,
For well those pleasant banks he knew,
Knew where the fairest flow'rets spread,
And where the timid bullfinch bred,—
And ever with the landscape gay,
Mix'd tales of childhood's happy day ;

And ever on the darling theme
 Threw May's bright sun, and fancy's beam ;
 Then, pausing, view'd his ardent child,
 And smil'd to hear her projects wild ;
 Yet cherish'd still her wish to see
 The scenes of his lone infancy.

How true the wish ! how pure the glow !
 My lovely friend, full well you know.
 Oft have you said, one heart, one mind,
 The father and the daughter join'd,
 In more than filial union twin'd.
 'Twas flatt'ry that ; but to my ear
 Was never flatt'ry half so dear.
 Oh ! who can e'er his virtues tell,
 That loves so truly and so well ?
 When I would say how firm his mind,
 I only think, to me how kind !

When I would tell the playful wit,
With which his radiant eyes are lit ;
I only see the soften'd rays,
That fondly beam his Mary's praise.
When I would tell the satire keen,
That pierces dark corruption's scene ;
I only hear his stifled breath,
When, hov'ring on the verge of death ;
In speechless agony I lay,
By him restor'd to life and day,
Till gratitude's too keen excess
Dissolves in melting tenderness.

Oh ! brighter these warm feelings glow'd !
Faster the tide of mem'ry flow'd !
When—vision oft by fancy rear'd—
My father's native home appear'd.
How diff'rent from the blooming bow'r,
Breathing perfume from sweetest flow'r,

In never-changing verdure gay,
And sparkling in the beam of May !
Now chill November's low'ring gloom,
Seal'd nature in her annual tonib ;
And darksome fog, and misty rain,
Hid hill and valley, wood and plain.
Scarcely we saw the waving Tyne,
Through his rich vales in beauty twine ;
Nought met our eyes but giant trees,
Yielding their last leaves to the breeze ;
Save, where the sky's grey tinge was broke
By sullen clouds of blacker smoke ;
And dusky children, by the cot,
Spoke the dark miner's wretched lot ;
Bare was the wood, and damp the ground,
And all was sad,—for nature frown'd.

Have ye not often dreamt, my fair,
Of bliss that mortals may not share ?

Enchanting vales, that seem to rise
Fair as an earthly paradise ?
Strains, such as charm the raptur'd ears
Of seraphs hov'ring o'er the spheres ?
Such fragrance, as entranc'd the world
When Heav'n's immortal gates unfurl'd ?
Soft murmur'ring breezes, that might calm
Despair's wild rage, with holy balm ?
Deem'd all these angel-joys your own,
Then wak'd in darkness, and alone ?
Felt a keen pang of sudden pain,
And turn'd, and tried to dream again ?

So felt I, when gay fancy's theme
Had vanish'd, like an airy dream ;
And still I clung, in reason's spite,
To hope's sweet tales and visions bright :
She whispers, that the joy may come
Again with my lov'd sire to roam,

And tread, in summer's rosy hours,
His native fields and verdant bow'rs.

Oh ! could I frame my artless lays
To speak, in accents meet, thy praise,
Northumberland ! my rustic string
Of many a beauty wild should ring ;
Of those fair ruins, which your sire
With all a chieftain's pride inspire,
As pointing to the mould'ring walls :
" Behold," he cries, " our father's halls!"
Of Kirkley's hospitable bow'rs:
Of stately Alnwick's gothic tow'rs ;
And Cheviot ! of thy mountains grey,
Bedew'd by Linskill's dashing spray :
But all unequal are my lays
To speak, of scenes like these, the praise.

And see ! amid these landscapes wild,
The vale in gentler beauties mild,

Where, rising from the shady wood,
Ascends your sister's bright abode.
Fair tow'rs, to mem'ry ever dear,
How desolate they now appear!
No more, dear mansion ! can't thou boast
The happy guest, the courteous host ;
Thy noble master leaves thy halls,
To go where sacred duty calls ;
And with him goes the lovely dame,
Who shares his virtues and his fame ;
No more is blooming Charlotte there,
In youthful beauty beaming fair ;
No more the cherub infant train,
With fairy steps, trip o'er the plain ;
Nor dearest John his sports pursues,
Unmindful of the morning dews !

Rememb'rest thou, dear Mary, say,
The pleasures of that autumn day,

When through old Bothall's shady wood
We roam'd, by Wansbeck's devious flood ?
Oh ! never sure was scene so fair !
Scarce wav'd the aspen leaf in air,
The murmur'ring of the gentle stream,
That glitter'd in the sunny beam ;
The trees, in various foliage seen,
Some deck'd in summer's liv'ry green,
And some in autumn's mellow hue,
Reflected in the waters blue ;
At distance seen the shelter'd mill,
Suspended o'er the tinkling rill ;—
Sweet was that autumn day ! and ne'er
Have I beheld a scene so fair.

Yet, though we boast not scenes like these,
Perchance our rustic walks may please ;
While, gently fann'd by western gales,
We wander through the fertile vales ;

Where blooms each flow'ret of the spring,
And birds their sweetest carols sing :
Or, view the peasant's white-wash'd cot,
And ponder o'er his simple lot ;
Or, listen in the shelter'd lane,
To Philomela's tender strain.

Come then, my lovely cousin, come
And share with us our pleasant home !
No splendid fêtes, no costly cheer,
Dear Mary ! will await you here !
But simple pleasures, rural fare,
And merry rambles we will share ;
And still, where'er our steps we bend,
Friendship and peace our paths attend.

TO

M R. PRATT.

As, on some festive day, the village maid,
In simple robe, with neatest art array'd,
Her modest beauty careful to adorn,
Seeks the fair flow'rs that deck the dewy morn;
Nor needs the diamonds of the courtly fair,
Whilst native gems entwine her flowing hair:
So, Bard of "Sympathy!" thy artless lay
O'er the charm'd heart still bears resistless sway;

Whether Britannia's "Poor," with Goldsmith's lyre,
Thou sing'st, in strains that breathe celestial fire;
Or, lead'st us through her cities and her vales,
Her hills, her woods, her uplands, and her dales;
Or, while with fancied ills thy bosom glows,
Thou tell'st the tale of hapless Emma's woes;
The pow'rful fictions make us truly feel,
And trickling tears our sympathy reveal.

THE WILLOW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF J. J. ROUSSEAU.

I Planted thee, and watch'd thy growth,
Thou tender plaintive Willow-tree !
And oft, amid thy yielding boughs,
The little birds would sing to me.

Ah ! sing no more ye little birds !
Ye happy, fond, and faithful band !
Poor Elinor was blithe as ye,
Till Henry left his native land.

To seek the gold of eastern climes,
From love he flies, and death he braves—
Alas ! when bliss at home is found,
Why risk it on th' uncertain waves ?

IMPROPTU,

ON HEARING MR. WHITBREAD DECLARE, ON LORD MELVILLE'S TRIAL, THAT "HE FONDLY TRUSTED HIS NAME WOULD
" DESCEND WITH HONOR TO POSTERITY."

THE hope of fame thy noble bosom fires,
Nor vain the hope thy ardent mind inspires,
In British breasts, whilst purity remains,
Whilst Liberty her blest abode retains,
Still shall the Muse of History proclaim
To future ages thy immortal name!
And while fair Scotia weeps her favor'd son,
By place corrupted, and by pow'r undone,
England, with pride, her upright Patriot sees,
And Fame's unfading wreath to thee decrees.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

THY youth and beauty all admire,
And yet, fair Caroline, I'm free ;
Thine eyes the coldest heart might fire,
Yet harmless dart their rays on me.

While gentle Julia's artless grace
My soul with love's soft transport warms,
Unmov'd I view thy matchless face,
Yet yield to Julia's simple charms.

"Tis that her smile its dimple owes
To gaiety devoid of art;
"Tis that her eyes' mild lustre flows
From her own pure and spotless heart.

Thy beauty, fair and haughty maid!
Is transient as a summer's day;
But Julia's charms can never fade,
Her soul will bloom amid decay.

ON A BUST OF FOX.

IN this cold Bust, a faint attempt we see,
A vain attempt, great Fox ! to picture thee.
For say, can bronze, or marble e'er impart
That magic charm, warm breathing from the heart ?
That fire, which darting from th' expressive eye,
Wings with redoubled force the keen reply ?
Or, when thy eloquence, with milder flow,
In Freedom's cause, bids wond'ring senates glow ?
Or, when obeying friendship's sacred call,
Thou mourn'st illustrious Russell's early fall ?

In those blest moments, when bright genius pours
At feeling's shrine his tributary stores,
Vainly the imitative arts aspire,
To give thy varying features all their fire;
Yet, though in vain the sculptor seek to trace,
With vent'rous hand thy soul-illumin'd face,
Thy fame a nobler monument shall prove,
Fix'd on the firmest base—a nation's love:
To distant ages shall thy name descend,
And grateful Britons hail Britannia's friend.

T O M A Y.

1808.

HAIL, lovely morn ! the drooping spring
Revives to greet the youthful May,
And all his treasur'd charms will bring,
To doubly bless this hallow'd day.

The sun dispels sad April's gloom,
And darts again his cheering ray,
And wakes all nature from her tomb,
To hail, with him, the lovely May.

O doubly welcome art thou, May !
For sad were gloomy April's tears ;
No “ blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray,”
And scarce a budding leaf appears.

And scatter'd by the driving hail—
Where erst fair violets bloom'd around,
And spread their fragrance on the gale—
The mangled primrose strews the ground.

With tott'ring steps the new fall'n lamb,
Seeks shelter from th' inclement sky ;
And meekly couches by its dam,
And faintly breathes its plaintive cry.

From yonder bush, the blast so rude
The blackbird's clay-built nest has torn ;
The grove, where late his bride he woo'd,
Now echoes to his notes forlorn.

All Nature felt the gen'ral chill,
The lightest heart a gloom confess ;
It deaden'd fancy's magic thrill,
Imagination's fires repress.

But at thy mild approach, fair May!
Shall Spring his fainting charms renew,
The sun's enliv'ning beams shall play,
On meadows bright with morning dew.

There, on the primrose bank so fair,
Shall fresher, brighter flow'rets bloom,
And cowslips, through the ambient air,
Shall shed around their soft perfume.

The meek-eyed lamb, on verdant plain,
With frolic mien shall skip and play;
The blackbird build his nest again,
And gaily chaunt his am'rous lay.

Again the glowing ray inspires,
And nature all around is gay;
And cold the heart, and dull its fires,
That feels not thy enchantment, May!

THE WREATHS.

A TALE.

TAKEN FROM THE "CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

WHAT flow'r, in nature's charms so fair,
With dear Eliza can compare,
Whene'er some sweet, some glad surprise
Bids her soft blushes mantling rise ?
But when the fair on conquest bent,
To charm some favor'd youth intent,
Distrusting her pale maiden rose,
With artificial radiance glows,
At distance still as fair, as true,
The blooming beauty stands to view ;
Approach, and all her magic's flown,
Her cheeks their borrow'd tints disown ;

This can alone her pow'r disarm,

And bid Eliza cease to charm.

Then why, sweet Maid! to whom was giv'n

Each gentler grace by fav'ring Heav'n,

In whose fair form and lovely face

The mind's pure excellence we trace,

Oh! why those native charms forego,

For gaudy art's delusive glow?

Forsake the meretricious train,

That people folly's wide domain !

And listen to the tale I sing

Of high Judea's far-fam'd king.

He, whose recorded wisdom bears

The touch-stone of three thousand years ;

And will immortal shine,

Bright, as when through the world was known

The name of Solomon alone ;

When monarchs bow'd before his throne,

And worshipp'd at his shrine.

'Twas then, to swell his mighty name,
Arriv'd fair Sheba's royal dame,

For knowledge much renown'd;
Perchance to prove if just his fame,
Perchance to win his heart, she came

With wit and beauty crown'd.
Howe'er it chanc'd, the learned fair,
By Sheba's sages taught,
Oft hoped the monarch to ensnare,
With wily questions fraught.

Vain were her hopes, her wishes vain,
Baffled was all the studious train;
Still could that all-pervading mind
A clue to ev'ry labyrinth find,

Could learning's gordian knot untie.
Where art was vain, where science fail'd,
Quick-piercing intellect prevail'd;
And sophists fled, and sages quail'd,
Before his radiant eye.

At length, no more on study bent,
But much on female arts intent,
The crafty queen devis'd a plan,
To tame the pride of lordly man ;
Force him to woman's pow'rs to yield,
And baffled, vanquish'd, fly the field.
Two lovely wreaths soon rose to view,
Alike in size, in form, and hue.

The royal fair one saw and prais'd,
And piercing through the courtly ring,
She in each hand a garland rais'd,
And stood before the king.

And ne'er did Spring's enchanting hours
Rear purer buds or fairer flow'rs.
For there the blushing roses blow,
There lilies boast their summer snow,
And there each flow'r of brilliant dye,
That blooms beneath fair Judah's sky,
Or scents the gales of Araby.

With nicest art and purest taste,
 The many color'd blossoms plac'd,
 Like fragments of the rainbow bright,
 In soft'ning, varying, tints unite.

Or lovelier still by contrast's pow'r,
 The dark leaves mingle with the flow'r,
 And jasmines on their polish'd bed
 Around their pallid lustre shed,
 Like stars that gleam in midnight hour.

“Here mighty monarch,” cried the fair,
 (Raising the lovely wreaths in air)
 “Of nature, and of art the pride,
 “To thee I bring. Behold! decide!
 “One from the garden’s fragrant store,
 “To me my dutous maidens bore;
 “The artist’s imitative hand,
 “The other fram’d at my command.
 “Say, then, great king, most wise of men!
 “Say can thine art the diff’rence ken?”

Paus'd the high dame. The elders round
 In doubt and consternation frown'd;
 For well they thought no human eye
 Could in those wreaths distinction spy.

In each the lily's snowy bell
 Was stain'd with fertilizing flour,
 And in the jonquil's golden cell
 Hung the bright dew-drop's crystal show'r.
 Low murmurs pass'd around the ring,
 Of sorrow, that their far-fam'd king,
 Who ev'ry shrub and flow'ret knew,
 From herbs that in the valley grew,
 To the proud tree of Lebanon,
 Should thus, by painted toys misled,
 Be doom'd to vail his honor'd head,
 By woman's arts o'erthrown.

Collected on his throne of state,
 And calm the haughty monarch sate

But in his eyes' expression keen,
 Triumphant pleasure might be seen;
 Small cause had he to fear!

For in a window near a swarm
 Of bees their daily task perform,
 Their curious fabric rear.

From his high throne a page he sends,
 Who straight the casement wide extends.

The clust'ring tribe, to instinct true,
 To nature's living flow'rets flew;
 To the rich rose delighted elung,
 Around the fragrant jasmine hung,
 And sipp'd the balmy dew.

The courtiers and the royal dame
 Bow'd to the monarch's well-earn'd fame:—
 When tow'ring o'er the flatt'ring ring,
 Thus spoke Judea's mighty king:

“ Those praises are not mine ;
“ ’Tis instinct’s true unerring pow’r,
“ That guides the insect to the flow’r,
“ Bids him to shun art’s gaudy bow’r,
 “ And fly to Nature’s shrine.
“ And man, of wit, of reason proud,
“ Might learn from yonder buzzing crowd,
 “ To fly the false and painted train ;
“ In Nature’s form, in Nature’s mind,
“ His best, his only blessing find,
 “ Nor make that blessing vain.”



JOANNA's PROPHECY.

ARGUMENT.

THE Prophecy of the destruction of Bath, on Good Friday last, which afforded so memorable an instance of the credulity of the nineteenth century, cannot yet be forgotten. With the usual fate of reports, which “gather as they “roll,” the terrific denunciation had, when it reached Reading, been extended to Bristol and London; one of which was to be overwhelmed by the tide, and the other destroyed by fire, at the same moment that Bath was to be swallowed up by an earthquake. Under these impressions, the following poem was written; and the result of the former part of the prophecy happily precludes the necessity of apologizing to this modern Cassandra for having added fresh horrors to her dreadful prediction.

JOANNA's PROPHECY.

WOE, Albion, to thy cities proud !
Death hovers o'er the fated crowd,
Fly to some wood-embosom'd home,
Far from the city's splendid dome,
 Fly, fly, whilst yet you may !

Woe to the day of fear and dread,
The day the blest REDEEMER bled !
E'en in the consecrated hour,
Again shall midnight darkness lour,
 And cloud the noon-tide ray.

Then shall the volleying thunder roar
 From Cambria's hills to Devon's shore ;
 Red flashes light the darken'd Heav'n,
 Trees, mountains, rocks, in twain be riven,
 Whilst earth shall ope her womb.

Then tremble, sinners ! for in vain
 Ye fly, ye death-devoted train !
 Vainly the screams of terror rise !
 While shrieks of madness rend the skies,
 Closes your living tomb.

Bristol, no more to Afric's strand,
 Thy ships shall part from Freedom's land,
 Thy deeds are past. Th' o'erwhelming tide
 Shall sweep away thy wealth, thy pride,
 Destroy thy very name.

Bath, fair abode of vanity,
 Oh, where is now thy revelry ?
 O'erthrown thy domes, thy storied walls,
 Gay nobles perish in thy halls,
 With many a beauteous dame.

Still, still I see that horrid wild !
Where lovely cities gaily smil'd,
Rocks, ruins, pillars, mountains frown,
And echo to the dismal groan

Of sorrow and of pain.

Vainly you buried wretches strive,
Ne'er shall they leave those walls alive.

You frantic mother, to her breast
Her lifeless child has fondly prest,

Nor knows her cares are vain.

There dead and dying men I see,
In every form of misery ;
Those sounds of woe, those sights of fear,
I still must see, I still must hear,
With brain to madness driv'n.

But what is yonder blazing light,
That glares upon my aching sight.
Now soars in dazzling columns high,
Now casts red radiance on the sky,
And lights the eastern Heav'n?

'Tis London!—**GOD** of mercy save
Her millions from their fiery grave!
Oh! grant the sons of wealth and crime,
Some short reprieve, some little time
For penitence and pray'r!

It may not be—the blaze is o'er;
The smould'ring ruins glare no more,
But long shall England's sorrows rise,
Widows and orphans pour the cries,
Of anguish and despair!

THE PEN AND THE SWORD.

ARGUMENT.

THE following fragment is chiefly taken from a French translation of the 40th chapter of the *Tahkemoni*, a Hebrew work, supposed to have been written about the 13th century, by the Rabbi *Jehuda Charizi*, and in which that author attempts to imitate *Hariri*, one of the most celebrated Arabic poets of his time. I have so materially altered the structure of the poem, and changed, or totally omitted so many passages, that I can scarcely call these verses an imitation of the beautiful original, from which most of the images are derived. Yet even my imperfect translation may convey some idea of the fire and boldness of the Hebrew poet.

THE
PEN AND THE SWORD.

INSCRIBED TO THE
RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN.

AND dar'st thou then with me compare,
Frail fleeting passenger of air !
Say, am not I my country's rock ?
The lion in the battle's shock ?
I pour impetuous from afar
The mighty torrent of the war,
Like Kissouri's waters, Phison's flood,
Spreads far the whelming tide of blood !
Forsaken parents well can tell
How fierce the raging currents swell ;
Deserted lands the tide-mark form,
And nations perish in the storm.

Bright is the forked lightning's stream !
As bright, as fatal too, my beam !
From me the bravest warriour flies,
Or pausing bleeds, and sinks, and dies.
And as the dews of Heav'n that fall
On vines that clothe the cottage wall,
Send life through ev'ry drooping cell,
The tendrils curl, the clusters swell ;
So baths of blood my pow'rs restore,
My nourishment the hero's gore !
From me the lion's princely whelp
Expects and finds his only help ;
Her prey from me the vulture seeks,
And pays me with her dismal shrieks ;
And with the wild wolf's deepen'd howl,
Makes music for my restless soul ;
Fear not ! whilst I exist ye ne'er
Shall pangs of thirst and hunger share ;
Still be the warriour's flesh your food !
Still be your drink the hero's blood !

And dar'st thou, frail and brittle reed !
 Match thy weak word with my proud deed ?
 Can'st thou resist the eddying storm ?
 Will not the flames consume thy form ?
 And I, whom thou hast dar'd to brave,
 My very touch would be thy grave.

Yes, such thou art, the pen replied —
 Yes, such is war's ensanguin'd tide !
 Thine be the fame to latest times,
 To shine supreme in blood and crimes.

Oh ! innocents untimely slain !
 Oh ! matrons kill'd in child-birth pain !
 Babes from their mother's bosom borne !
 Sons from their dying fathers torn !
 Nations of orphans and of slaves !
 Unpeopled earth and peopled graves !

'Tis yours to tell what endless fame
This all-consuming sword may claim.

And canst thou, fell destroyer, dare
My pure unblemish'd rights to share!
Learn thy contracted sphere to scan;
If strength were pow'r, then what were man?
The elephant had rul'd the world,
And monarchs from their thrones had hurl'd.
'Tis mind, 'tis reason's sov'reign sway,
That nations own, and states obey.

And what art thou? and what am I?
The globe shall hear the proud reply.—
Me, science, wisdom, virtue claim,
And gain a never-ending fame.
Through me, the eloquence, that dies
Fast as the fleeting shadow flies,

To ages yet unborn shall show
 The priest's pure zeal, the patriot's glow.
 Through me the high behest ye share,
 That bids frail man his fellow spare;
 And still the heav'nly thunders roll
 " Commit no murder" on the soul !

Thou dwell'st among the mountain rocks,
 Haunt of the chamois, and the fox,
 Thou sleep'st upon the rugged bed,
 Where foaming torrents erst have spread ;
 Thou roam'st along the blasted heath,
 Or shades of plunder and of death,
 Where murd'lers ply their dreadful trade,
 And bathe in blood thy reeking blade.
 Such is thy fate ! and dar'st thou then
 Compare thee with the blameless pen ?
 Scourge of the weak, but wisdom's slave,
 Dar'st thou to threat an early grave ?

My waving banners once unfurl'd,
Have launch'd thee o'er a conquer'd world ;
My breath can bid the havoc cease,
And sheath thy gory blade in peace.

N O T E S.

N O T E S.

PAGE 53.

Saw Niger roll to meet the morning beam.

“ Looking forwards, I saw with infinite pleasure the
“ great object of my mission, the long-sought for ma-
“ jestic Niger, glittering to the morning Sun, as broad
“ as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly to
“ the eastward. I hastened to the brink, and having
“ drank of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in
“ prayer to the Great Ruler of all things, for having
“ thus far crowned my endeavours with success.”

Park's Travels, page 194.

NOTES.

PAGE 54.

*And pass'd again
The dreary wilderness, the fiery plain.*

“ The burning the grass in Manding, exhibits a scene
“ of terrific grandeur. In the middle of the night I
“ could see the plains and mountains, as far as my eye
“ could reach, variegated with lines of fire; and the
“ light reflected on the sky, made the Heavens appear
“ in a blaze. In the day time pillars of smoke were seen
“ in every direction; while the birds of prey were
“ observed hovering round the conflagration, and pour-
“ ing down upon the snakes, lizards, and other reptiles,
“ which attempted to escape from the flames. This
“ annual burning is soon followed by a fresh and sweet
“ verdure, and the country is thereby rendered more
“ healthful and pleasant.”

Park's Travels, page 229.

NOTES.

PAGE 54.

*Then high-born beauty join'd th' applauding throng,
And added grace to Nature's sweetest song.*

Alluding to the beautiful Negro Song, written by the
late Duchess of Devonshire.

PAGE 55.

*He little thought, when Houghton's shorten'd date,
Drew pitying tears, how similar his fate !*

“ From this village Major Houghton, (being deserted
“ by his Negro servants, who refused to follow him into
“ the Moorish country,) wrote his last letter with a pen-
“ cil to Dr. Laidley. This brave, but unfortunate man,
“ having surmounted many difficulties, had taken a nor-
“ therly direction, and endeavoured to pass through the
“ kingdom of Ludaniar, where I afterwards learned the
“ following particulars concerning his melancholy fate.
“ On his arrival at Jarra, he got acquainted with certain

NOTES.

“ Moorish Merchants, who were travelling to Tisheet,
“ a place near the salt-pits in the great desert, to pur-
“ chase salt ; and the Major, at the expense of a musket
“ and some tobacco, engaged them to convey him thi-
“ ther. Their intention, probably, was to rob and leave
“ him in the desert. At the end of two days he suspect-
“ ed their treachery, and insisted on returning to Jarra.
“ Finding him persist in this determination, the Moors
“ robbed him of every thing he possessed, and went off
“ with their camels; the poor Major being thus deserted,
“ returned on foot to a watering-place, in possession of
“ the Moors, called Tarra. He had been some days
“ without food, and the unfeeling Moors refusing to
“ give him any, he sunk at last under his distresses.
“ Whether he actually perished of hunger, or was
“ murdered by the savage Mahomedans, is not cer-
“ tainly known; his body was dragged into the woods,
“ and I was shewn, at a distance, the spot where his
“ remains were left to perish.”

NOTES.

PAGE 57.

*In learned Berkeley's fabled theme,
Philosophy's poetic dream.*

“The Adventures of Signor Gudentio di Lucca,” said to have been written by Bishop Berkeley.

PAGE 58.

*But Flora's characters exprest
The wishes of each blameless breast.*

“If the man be the person the woman likes, he presents her with a flower just in the bud, which she takes, and puts in her breast. If she is engaged before, she shows him one, to signify her engagement; which, if in the bud only, shows the courtship is gone no further than the first proposal and liking; if half blown, or the like, it is an emblem of further progress; if full blown, it signifies that her choice is determined, from whence they can never recede.”

Gudentio di Lucca, page 182.

NOTES.

PAGE 67.

You'll think of Whitley's lovely cot.

Whitley Cottage, near Reading, the residence of J. P. Reeve, Esq.

PAGE 79.

*'Twas here of late triumphant and alone,
The tragic muse uprear'd her double throne.*

The Alcestis of Euripides, and King John, altered from Shakespeare by Dr. Valpy, had been admirably acted by the young Gentlemen of Reading School, at their Triennial Visitation, Oct. 18, 1809.

PAGE 107.

"Behold," he cries, "our Father's Halls!"

The ruins of Mitford Castle, near Morpeth, Northumberland.

NOTES.

PAGE 107.

Of Kirkley's hospitable bowers.

Kirkley, the elegant mansion of the ancient Family
of the Ogles.

PAGE 107.

*And Cheviot of thy mountains grey,
Bedew'd by Linskill's dashing spray.*

Linskill Spout, a water-fall in the Cheviot hills.

PAGE 108.

*Where rising from the shady wood,
Ascends your sister's bright abode.*

Little Harle Tower, in Northumberland, the seat of
the Right Hon. Lady Charles Aynsley.

NOTES.

PAGE 108.

*Thy noble master leaves thy halls,
To go where sacred duty calls.*

Lord Charles Aynsley left his Lady's venerable mansion for his Deanery of Bocking, Essex, 1806, and left it, alas, never to return! He died in the prime of life, universally beloved and lamented, May, 1808.

PAGE 122.

THE WREATHS.

This Tale is taken from the following passage in Mr. D. Israeli's elegant and amusing work, "The Curiosities of Literature":—

"I recollect a pretty story, which, in the Talmud or Gemara, some Rabbi has attributed to Solomon.—"The incident passed as Solomon sat surrounded by his court. At the foot of the throne stood the inquisitive

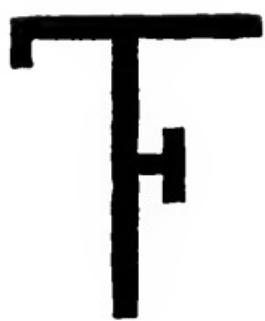
NOTES.

“ Sheba ; in each hand she held a wreath of flowers, the
“ one composed of natural, the other of artificial flow-
“ ers. Art, in the labor of the mimic wreath, had
“ exquisitely emulated the lively hues, and the variegated
“ beauties of nature ; so that, at the distance it was held
“ by the Queen, for the inspection of the King, it was
“ deemed impossible for him to decide, as her question
“ importeth, which wreath was the natural, and which
“ the artificial. The sagacious Solomon seemed posed ;
“ yet to be vanquished, though in a trifle, by a trifling
“ woman, irritated his pride. The Son of David—he
“ who had written treatises on the vegetable produc-
“ tions, ‘ from the Cedar to the Hyssop,’ to acknowledge
“ himself outwitted by a woman, with shreds of paper
“ and glazed paintings ! The honor of the Monarch’s
“ reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished ; and
“ the whole Jewish court looked solemn and melancholy.
“ At length an expedient presented itself to the King ;
“ and, it must be confessed, worthy of the natural
“ philosopher. Observing a cluster of bees hovering

NOTES.

“ about a window, he commanded that it should be
“ opened ; it was opened, the bees rushed into the court,
“ and alighted immediately on one of the wreaths, while
“ not a single one fixed on the other. The decision was
“ not then difficult; the learned Rabbis shook their
“ beards in rapture, and the baffled Sheba had one more
“ reason to be astonished at the wisdom of Solomon!”

Curiosities of Literature, vol. i. page 556.



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ALTERATIONS.

Page 4 Line 6 & 7 for She retired accordingly, read
She retired thither accordingly.

8 3 for mossy, read *massy*.

44 4 for tangl'd, read *tangled*.

55 16 for fame, read *fane*.

92 2 for asper, read *aspen*.

93 7 for press, read *pass*.

PR Mitford, Mary Russell
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